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Boston, March 1, 1843.

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Dear Bro. Wright:

Your letter from Dublin of Jan. 30th was duly received by the last steamer, and perused with intense interest and pleasure. For the deep sympathy which you express in regard to my late illness, and your congratulations on my being convalescent, accept the gratitude of my heart. It has been the severest ordeal through which my mortal frame has ever been called to pass. All the dear children had the scarlatina in a dangerous form, but my own case was far the most perilous. I can conceive of nothing more loathsome than this disorder, except the small-pox. Not being able to administer Thompsonian courses to myself, or to remove to an infirmary, I put myself under the medical care of Dr. Wesselhoeft, (a German, and the intimate friend and companion of the lamented Follen,) who is a homœopathist, and have no cause to regret the step. For three months, my house was a hospital. First, the children all had the chicken-pox; then, all but the babe had the scarlatina; then, I was next prostrated with the same disorder; then, dear Helen was seized with a nervous fever; and, finally, sister Ann (whose chronic complaints seem to be incurable) was reduced quite low. The health of sister Sarah was also very much shattered by fatigue and anxiety. At present, we are all convalescent, but none of us, as yet, perfectly restored. Mrs. Bonson now lies confined to her bed by a slow, intermittent fever, but we trust her sickness will not be unto death. + My poor, afflicted brother James was happily released from suffering a few weeks after your departure; I say happily, because as his disorder was incurable, and subjected him to intolerable pain, we could not desire his prolonged existence on earth. He died in a calm and quiet state of mind; and at last so slight was his struggle with the "last enemy," he had probably been dead half an hour before I was aware of it, though I was watching (alone) by his couch. I thought he was in a serene slumber, and was rejoicing that he was able to obtain some repose. At his funeral, (we had a crowded house,) after a prayer, &c. from our beloved Samuel J. May, I addressed the assembly at some length, especially in reference to the navy in particular, and the war-system in general, and held up the religion of the United States in its true character. My remarks were very pointed, and produced some sensation among the warring sectarians who were present.

Another son has been added to my family since you left, and a fine, noble boy he is — of course! He bears the honored name of Charles Follen.

+ Happy am I to find that your appreciation of my dear friends in Ireland is as exalted as my own; that your intercourse with them has been mutually instructive and pleasant; that they know nothing of weariness or apathy in carrying on the great work of human redemption; and that they shrink from nothing that is right, and fear nothing but what is wrong. Heaven bless them in their basket and in their store, and may they be filled with all the fulness of God, which is love without measure, pure, disinterested, inexhaustible! How much I think of them — admire them — love them; how eagerly I catch at every scrap of intelligence from them; how watchfully I observe all their movements in the various philanthropic enterprises, to the promotion of which they have dedicated their lives; with what gladness I receive and read their epistles; and how I yearn for that happy day (will it ever come on earth?) when we shall be permitted again to see each other, face to face; they little know, because their humility leads them to form a slight estimate of themselves, and of their philanthropic labors. Besides, judging me by an epistolary standard, as a test of friendship, they have no reason to suppose that I am very enthusiastic in my attachment to them; for they have been shamefully neglected by me, on that score. You know something of my aversion to the pen, and of my procrastinating habits, and therefore can make some allowance for me. In intention, I have written to them whole reams of letters; but, in reality, they scarcely receive one from me during a twelvemonth. To be sure, my time is very much occupied in our various reformatory enterprises at home; but I must not try to shelter myself behind this fact, in order to screen myself from merited reprehension. All I can now say is, tell them that I am truly growing penitent, and hope to "bring forth fruits meet for repentance" very speedily. Convey to them, individually, my best wishes and most grateful remembrances.

It seems, by the date of your letter, that you have not yet had a personal interview with that peerless woman, Elizabeth Pease. She writes to me that she is strongly desirous of seeing you, and feels confident that your mission was undertaken at the right time, and will be productive of great good. Her contribution of £20 in aid of your invaluable little work is characteristic of her generous spirit. You will find her as complete a specimen of womanhood as can be found on the earth. She is endowed with more than Roman (because it is Christian) firmness, with great conscientiousness, with true courage, with sterling independence, and with a strong and comprehensive intellect. She is not merely "an honor to her sex," but a blessing to the world. May her light shine brighter and brighter to the perfect day!

You will regret to learn that there is, at present, no probability that the "Non-Resistant" will be renewed in its publication — at least, for some time to come. This is, I think, to be attributed partly to the want of energy on the part of our Executive Committee, and partly to your absence. We miss you exceedingly in the cause of non-resistance, and can scarcely be reconciled to the thought of your remaining abroad any length of time. Do not infer from all this, however, that I am led to view our sublime and holy movement as on the retrograde; for I am satisfied that converts to it are daily multiplying, and that it has received an impetus which no opposition will be able to frustrate. But our time, our means, our labors are so absorbed in seeking the emancipation of our enslaved countrymen, that we cannot do as much specifically and directly for non-resistance as it would otherwise be in our power to perform. We shall try to do more for the future.

The subject of capital punishment, within a few months past, has been widely discussed in the land, and is fast increasing in public interest. As usual, at the outset of every reform, the clergy (as a body) are contending stoutly in favor of the gallows. It is a divine institution, and the very corner-stone of christian society. A public debate has lately been held in the Broadway Tabernacle, New-York, between Mr. J. O'Sullivan, the editor of the Democratic Review, and the Revd George B. Cheever — the latter for strangling, and the former against it. The Rev. Dr. Cox also puts himself, on the same occasion, against Mr. Greely, the editor of the Tribune. The Evangelist, in the massive numbers, has published Cheever's argument, which occupies more than [illegible] columns of that paper. It raises (as well as the Obs. Baptist Advocate [illegible]) a shout of triumph, and declares that O'Sullivan is completely vanquished. From other and more impartial sources it is conceded that O'Sullivan was "used up," being no match (especially in biblical exegesis) for the parson. Cheever's fancied Gibraltar position is, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood," &c. This, he affirms, was a law given through Noah to all mankind, which is not superseded, repealed, or in any degree impaired by the christian dispensation, but is in perfect harmony with it! I wish I could send you the numbers of the Evangelist containing his argument; but, having no spare copies, and intending to review it in the Liberator, (and possibly in a pamphlet,) I am unable to do so at present. Cheever exhausts panegyric upon the benevolence and moral efficacy of the gallows, and likens it to one of the planets in the firmament, to a beacon-light, to "a sun shot into chaos"! His argument is both ingenious and vigorous, and will do considerable mischief. Discussions have been held in this city on the same subject, at which I was not able to be present. Petitions are now before our Legislature, praying for the abolition of capital punishment.

After a warm conflict, the intermarriage law has passed through both houses of our Legislature, and only needs the Governor's signature (which will undoubtedly be affixed to it) to be complete. Thus has another tremendous blow been given to the monster prejudice. We have not been equally successful in regard to the rail-road question, and shall therefore "try again." Never were the aspects of the anti-slavery cause so auspicious as at the present time. In this Commonwealth abolitionism is now scarcely able to find one public opponent. The Latimer affair has produced a mighty sensation, not only "from Berkshire to Cape Cod," but from one extremity of the country to the other. The Latimer petition to our Legislature contained more than sixty-five thousand names; and that to Congress, more than fifty-one thousand. The latter was entrusted to John Quincy Adams, and has caused intense excitement among the slaveholding members of the House of Representatives. The former was presented to our House by a son of Mr. Adams, and he has made a favorable report on the same in behalf of the committee to whom it was referred, but no action has yet been taken on it.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison
Boston U.S.
March 1, 1843

Henry C. Wright,
care of Elizabeth Pease,
Darlington, England

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Our Anti-Slavery Fair, in December, was the most splendid and successful of the series. The contributions of our transatlantic coadjutors excited great curiosity and admiration on the part of the visiters, and were gratefully appreciated by all the friends of genuine abolitionism in this region. It is by such co-operation that the great idea of human brotherhood becomes a living reality, and national animosities are doomed to an ignominious death. "One good turn" begets as well as "deserves another."

The Miller excitement increases as the time draws near for the fulfilment of the prediction. A considerable number of worthy abolitionists have been carried away by it, and, for the time being, are rendered completely useless to our cause. But the delusion has not long to run, and let us rejoice.

Among the public men, who have recently died, are Commodore Hull, Bishop Griswold, Peter A. Jay, and Judge Thacher of this city.

I hope to hear from you by every steamer that leaves Liverpool for Boston. Your letters will be read by thousands with deep interest in the Liberator. Be extremely careful of your health. Let me know in what way I can be of any service to you. I hope to be more punctual hereafter in my correspondence with you. All our Boston friends, together with the members of my household, desire special remembrance and wish you every blessing; but none more heartily than

Your loving friend, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.